DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

PAinter: Your Colours and your Pencils get,
For a new Piece, the well-ſtretch'd Canvas ſet.
Let *Phœbus* in Meridian Glory ſhine;
Or rather, to the Weſtern-Sea decline:
Then, with bold Strokes, deſcribe the Multitude,
With Drawer's Art, both ignorant and rude,
Drawn in two Lines; and let their Faces ſtand
Adverſe; a noiſy and a lawleſs Band.
Try to deſcribe their loud tumultuous Roar,
Like foaming Seas againſt a rocky Shoar;
A narrow Space muſt the two Fronts divide,
Whilſt they ungovern'd, ſhift from Side to Side.
But Painter: now apply with double Care,
With artful Skill your Inſtruments prepare;
And whilſt the fickle Mob's exclaming loud,
Deſcribe a Troop amongſt the gazing Crow'd;
A band of Heroes who to make us free,
Durſt bravely own the Cauſe of Liberty;
In ignominious Bands they march along
Between the ſhouting, rude, mad, pittying Throng.
Firm in affliction, great in diſarray,
Chains cannot daunt them, nor can Death diſmay,
Th' unſhaken Soul, ſecure in Innocence,
Joys in a Conſcience void of all Offence.
Make you their inward Satisfaction ſeen;
By a calm Look and Countenance ſerene:
And let no gloomy Eyes beſpeak Deſpair,
Or Jollity that Life's not worth the Care;
But grave, ſedate, fir'd with a juſt Diſdain
At the rude Inſults of the noiſy Train:
And now and then a pittying Glance on thoſe,
Who ignorantly take them for their Foes:
But Oh! obſcure that melancholly Scene,
Where *B*——*s* Princes ty'd like Slaves were ſeen:
With artful Care convey a gloomy Cloud,
That may our foul Diſgrace from Knowledge ſhroud:
Th' Uſurper *Cromwel* thus in Triumph bore,
Our vanquiſht Nobles thro' the deafning roar
Of mad Enthuſiaſts, but the firſt ſubdu'd
Laws and Religon to the Multitude,
And then that Multitude with wicked Skill,
To be the Slaves of his Tyrannick Will.
Far on the right, let a huge Mountain riſe,
Whoſe lofty Top may kiſs its kindred Skies,
And on its lonely height a Youth muſt ſtand,
With a few Servants waiting his Command;
All royal Emblems round his Perſon place;
Let Majeſty and Sweetneſs fill his Face,
The Scepter grace his Hand, the Crown his Brow;
At diſtance let the willing Nobles bow,
Let Millions preſs to own his gentle Sway,
And Nations ſtruggle who ſhall firſt Obey.
But with Chains, Goals and Gibbets mark the bound,
With numerous Troops of arm'd Dragoons ſurround,
And ward the Avenues of forbidden Ground;
Succeſsful Guard, thus wedg'd in firm Array,
The longing Crowd cannot their Homage pay.
At the ſad Proſpect of his Peoples Woe,
Let the big Tears in double Torrents flow;
His Country's father ſhare its Miſeries,
And ſhow paternal Grief by ſtreaming Eyes:
Let Juſtice, Mercy, Wiſdom, on him wait,
And Angels guard him from his Grandfire's Fate.
Rebels and Traytors joyn to own his Power,
And Providence it ſelf cry out, RESTORE.
From thence deſcending, let the curious Eye
Fix left upon the diſtant Plain deſcry
An aged Lecher, mounted on a Throne,
By wrong maintaining what is not his own;

The

The trembling Tyrant artfully display
An Iron Rod, the Emblem of his Sway,
In his Right Hand, to cruſh the Brave and Good,
And found his Title in a Crimſon Flood.
Let fawning Paraſites before him fall,
Factors of Death his Clemency extol:
His Miniſtry his Wiſdom muſt proclaim;
Th'Apoſtate Clergy his religious Flame;
Dame *F——p* will clear his Modeſty,
And both his *Muſ—ſ—lmen* his Sodomy.
Beſet him round with Axes, Halters, Spears,
And Guns and Swords to guard him from his Fears:
On his ſoure Brow, to make the Show compleat,
A Pair of well-ſpread Brow-Antlets ſet:
And near his Father's Side expoſe the Son,
The wiſe Supporter of his ill-got Crown,
Since he is pleas'd to take him for his own.
Paint *C——k* at hand to own the Boy,
And make the Count confeſs his guilty Joy;
Let Cruelty, Injuſtice, guard his Throne,
Blood-thirſty Rage and proud Rebellion.
Pleas'd with the People's Tears and wretched Moans,
Make him exult e'en in their dying Groans:
Paint the beſt Men, the object of his Rage,
And ſtreams of noble Blood his Wrath t' aſwage.
Place the wiſe *Athiest* neareſt to his Heart,
His Bounties to the *Enthuſiaſt* next impart;
But place his bulky Whores behind his Back,
P————g and ſalacious *K————k*.
Over the reſt with ruder Touches haſte;
Form a wild Wilderneſs or ſandy Waſte,
That when the Royal Youth deſcends to Reign,
You may convert it to a joyful Plain;
Juſtice and Mercy will attend his Sway,
And all his Realms a willing Homage pay;
Ages of Peace will bleſs the fertile Land,
And the moſt guilty own his good Command.

Painter adieu, I hope when next we meet,
We may this much deſired Piece compleat.